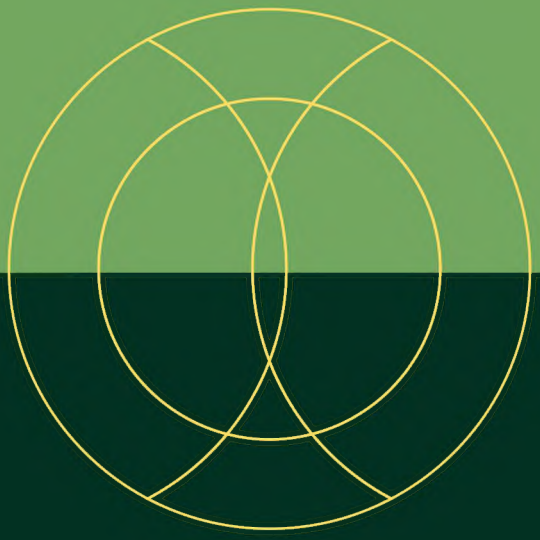
FRACTION

SEX CRIMINALS™

ZDARSKY

24: WOULD YOU LIKE SOME HELP WITH THAT

PREVIOUSLY IN SEX CRIMINALS



Everybody's miserable.

MATT FRACTION
CHIP ZDARSKY

THOMAS K EDITING
LAUREN SANKOVITCH MANAGING EDITOR
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SEND YOUR THOUGHTS & PRAYERS TO EMAILTHESEXCRIMINALS@GMAIL.COM

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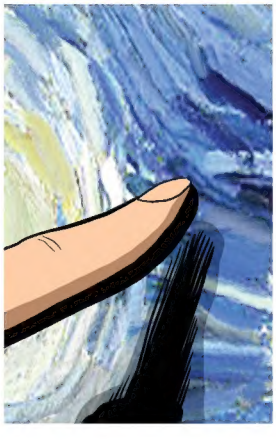
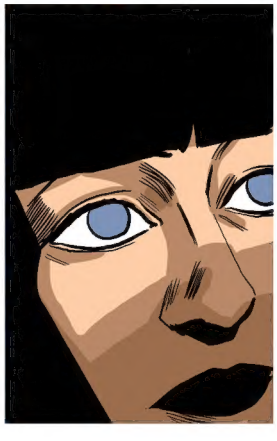
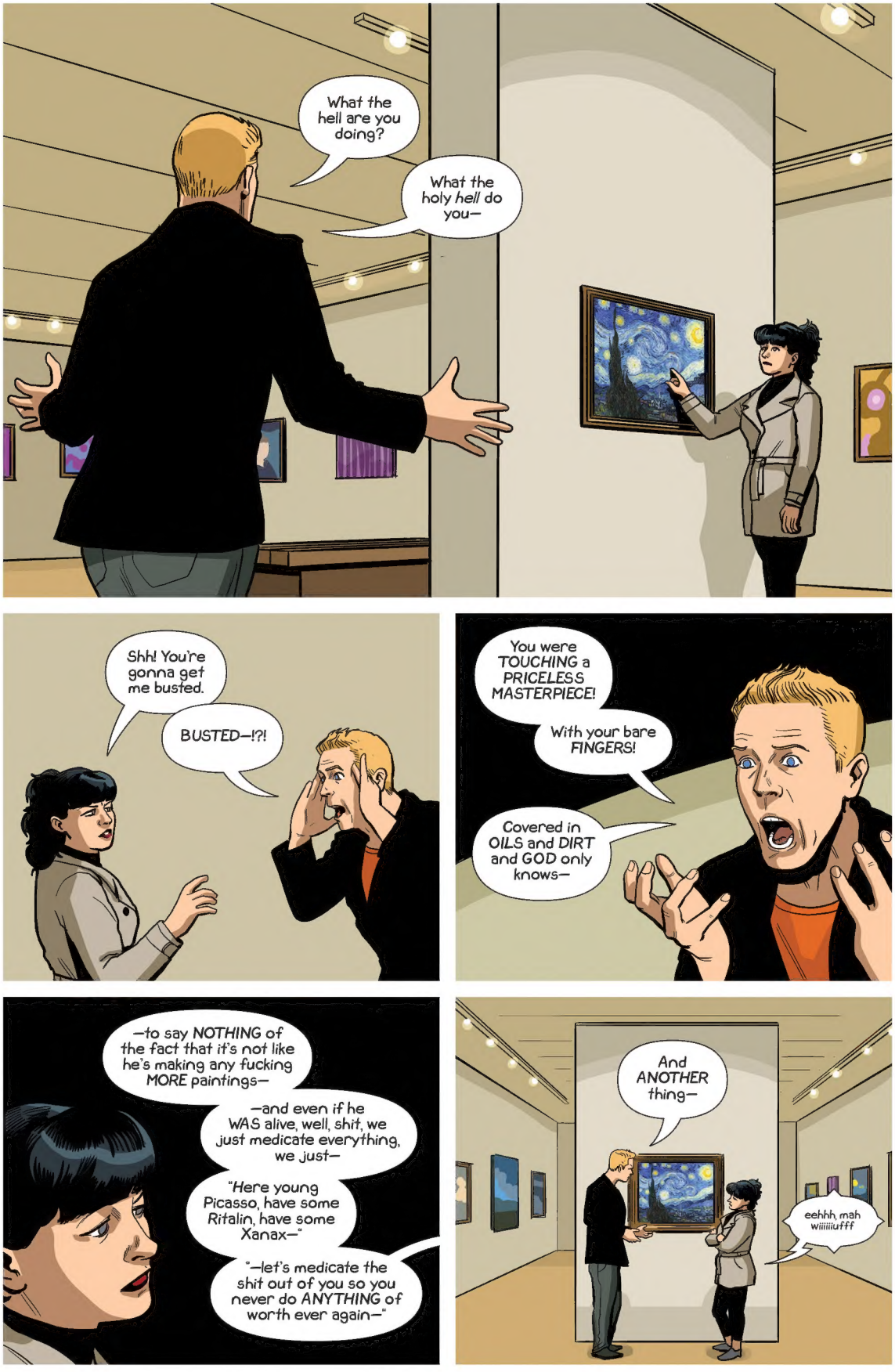
Dedicated to shout-outs. Here's to you, shout-outs!





suZANNE!


What the hell are you doing?
What the holy *hell* do you—
Shh! You're gonna get me busted.
BUSTED—!?!
You were TOUCHING a PRICELESS MASTERPIECE!
With your bare FINGERS!
Covered in OILS and DIRT and GOD only knows—
—to say NOTHING of the fact that it's not like he's making any fucking MORE paintings—
—and even if he WAS alive, well, shit, we just medicate everything, we just—
"Here young Picasso, have some Ritalin, have some Xanax—"
"—let's medicate the shit out of you so you never do ANYTHING of worth ever again—"
And ANOTHER thing—
eehhh, mah wiiiiiiufff

eehhh, mah wiiiiiiufff
Van Gogh.
You pretentious prick.
...I don't—
eehhh, mah wiiiiiiufff
No, I know, I was—
—And if we'd have medicated Van Gogh, we'd have a thousand more Van Gogh paintings and maybe he wouldn't have killed himself in goddamn agony.
eehhh, mah wiiiiiiufff
eehhh, mah wiiiiiiufff
I can't *believe* you left your *ringer* on in a gallery.
EXIT
Oh, fuck you.
eehhh, mah wiiiiiiufff

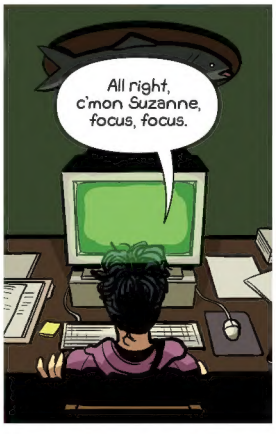
Oh my god.
Oh my god.
{Bug} {Fuck}
Insects In Time And Culture
Fugbuck
P. Interest, PhD
Major Works
1988-Present
BRIMPR
8:46 PM
Messages
ThatFucking Guy
Options
Yesterday
hey you
Today
sorry missed this
poopin
hey

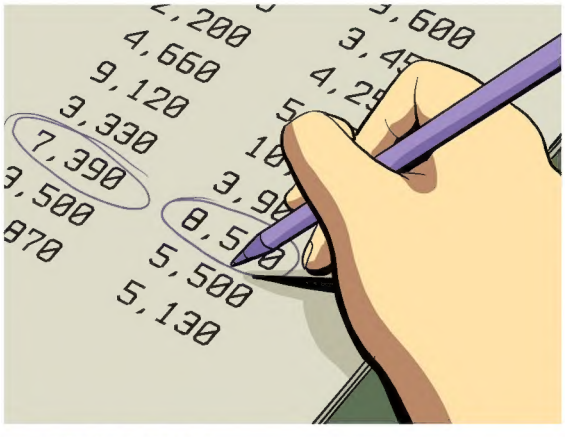
Once upon a time, y'know, I had to pretend to be something I wasn't.
Someone I wasn't. I had to lead this whole 'nother fake dang life!
Tell me about it. I still haven't come out to my mom.
What?
Oh, no, not that.
I mean, heck yeah, that was a whole other dang thing, but—
I was playing a part. Like a secret... actor.
Like a secret, undercover actor, on a secret... acting... mission.
...Like... in a play? But that nobody could know about?
GOOD FOR HEALTH
ALSO GOOD FOR EDUCATION
Exactly! Yeah. But, uh, but after a while, see—
—after a while, I couldn't tell where I stopped and where my secret actor play mission started.
The, uh. The secret acting mission in an undercover play?
Yeah. Yeah, and—
—and I realized—
—this was a good part—
—the Pretend Me, see: the Pretend Me had some good qualities.
Do you see what I mean? The situation was, y'know, a danged shirtshow. A total golfing, corksurfing, shirtshow.
But the Pretend Me, there were parts of him I wished I...
...I wished he was me.
Then I realized he was.

Pretend Me was brave. Pretend Me was bold. Nerves of steel. Or ice. Nerves of icy steel.
But Pretend Me *was* me. I was making Pretend Me up!
Pretend Me didn't *care* what other people thought of him. He was a man of action. He was, he was—
—he wasn't so dang *timid*.
I was like, I was, it was like I had become, a little part of me anyway, had become a part of the...
...like a hero or some-such, from like, I don't know, the Dragonrod clan or whatever—
Oh you're totally a Ser Bearrinshaft.
What? No way, I wanna be Ser Halcyon Auricbelles.
Psh, don't we *all* want to be Ser Halcyon Auricbelles. So brave.
And fearless, right?
Fearless, brave, and true. The kind of man...
...who just...
...drops everything.
Helps a stranger.
You pretend long enough and you can become anything.
I did.
ON THE NOSE FIREWORKS

I miss you. Want to grab lunch sometime?

Aarrrgghhh, I can't send it, I can't send it.


All right, c'mon Suzanne, focus, focus.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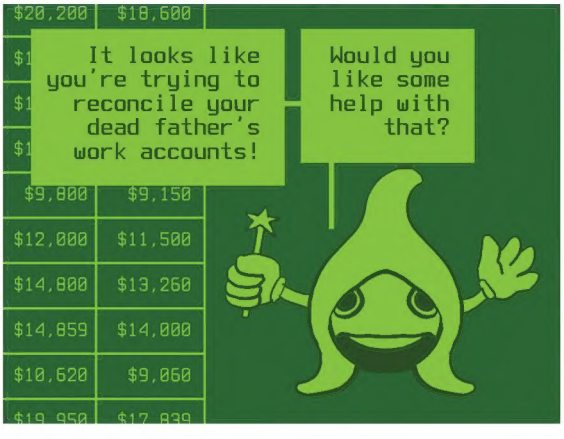
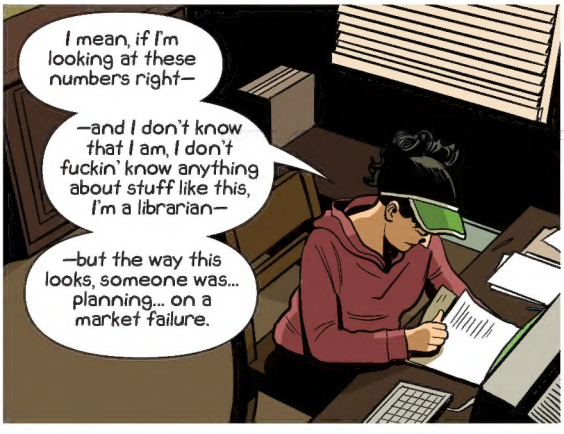
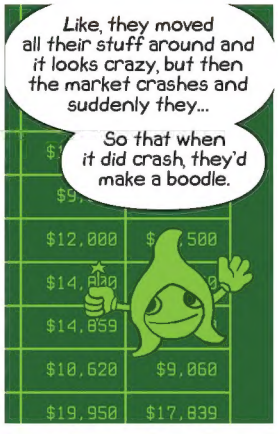
9,120
3,330
7,390
3,500
870
3,600
5,500
5,130

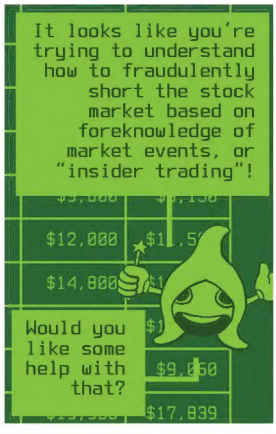

$20,200
$18,600
$9,800
$9,150
$12,000
$11,500
$14,800
$13,260
$14,859
$14,000
$10,620
$9,060
It looks like you're trying to reconcile your dead father's work accounts!
Would you like some help with that?

Yes, Clitty. Yes I would...

See, here's what I don't understand.


I mean, if I'm looking at these numbers right—
—and I don't know that I am, I don't fuckin' know anything about stuff like this, I'm a librarian—
—but the way this looks, someone was... planning... on a market failure.

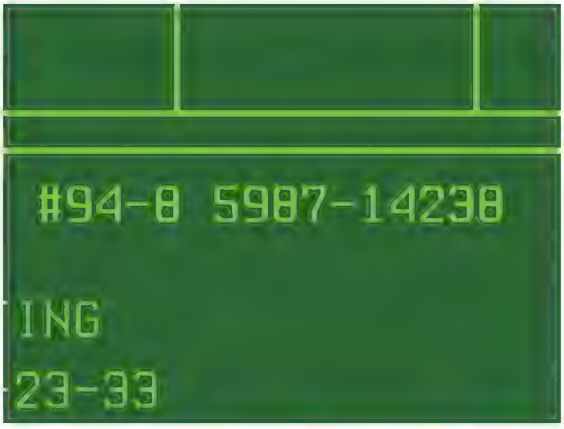

Like, they moved all their stuff around and it looks crazy, but then the market crashes and suddenly they...
So that when it did crash, they'd make a boodle.
$12,000
$14,859
$10,620
$9,060
$19,950
$17,839


It looks like you're trying to understand how to fraudulently short the stock market based on foreknowledge of market events, or "insider trading"!
Would you like some help with that?
$12,000
$14,800
$17,839

That's the thing, it's like you'd have to know what was going to happen before it happened.
You'd have to be able to, like—

Shit on my B-rated mortgage securities.

No no no no no.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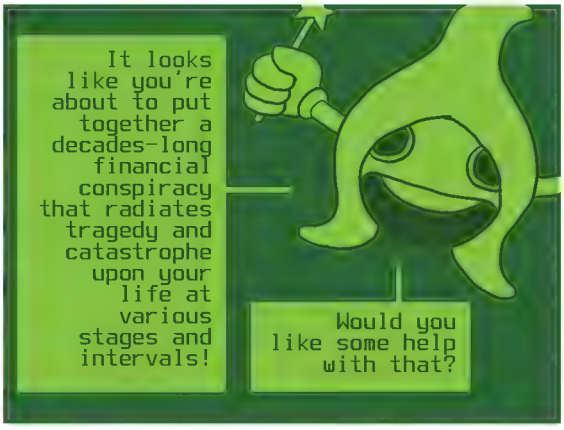
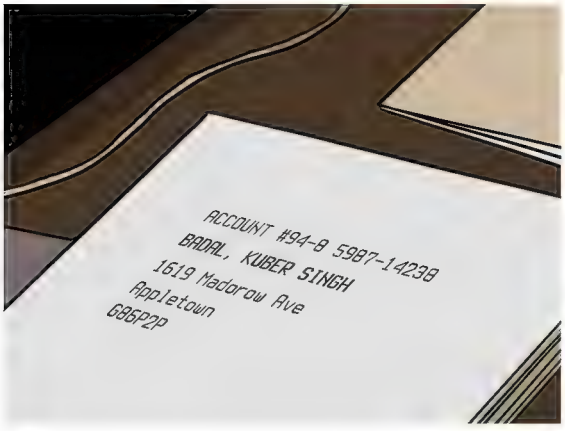
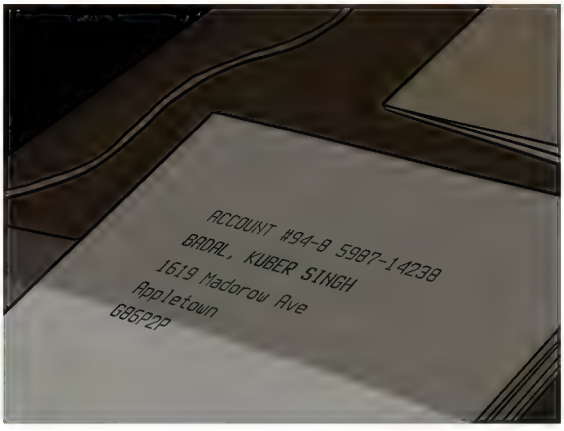
14238...
14238, 14238...


It looks like you're about to put together a decades-long financial conspiracy that radiates tragedy and catastrophe upon your life at various stages and intervals!
Would you like some help with that?

Mother fuck.

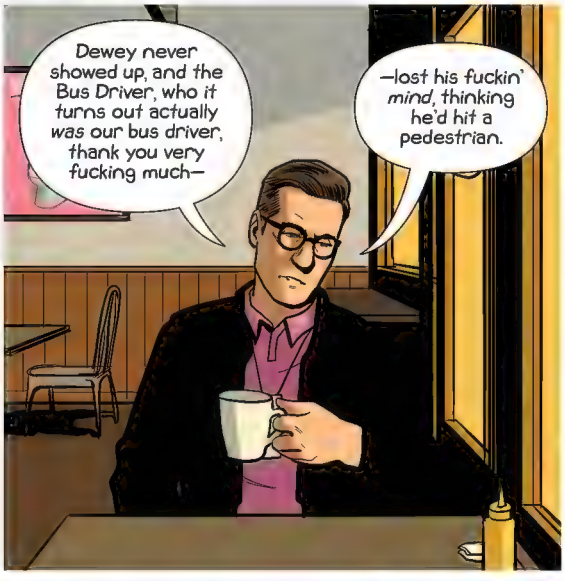

ACCOUNT #94-8 5987-14238
BADAL, KUBER SINGH
1619 Madorow Ave
Appletown
686P2P


ACCOUNT #94-8 5987-14238
BADAL, KUBER SINGH
1619 Madorow Ave
Appletown
686P2P

GODDAMMIT, MOM!
God dammit god dammit.
I miss you. Want to grab lunch sometime?
sending sound
Goddamn monster vibrator fucking fuse box piece of shit—
SUZANNNNNE!
Holy SHIT—
—Baby, get out of the house now now GO—

So?
What?

It was perfect. It worked.
I don't have to jump off *shit*. I think I just have to, like—
—I dunno, I should try it with a heart monitor or something. I think it's an adrenaline thing for me.


Dewey never showed up, and the Bus Driver, who it turns out actually *was* our bus driver, thank you very fucking much—
—lost his fuckin' *mind*, thinking he'd hit a pedestrian.

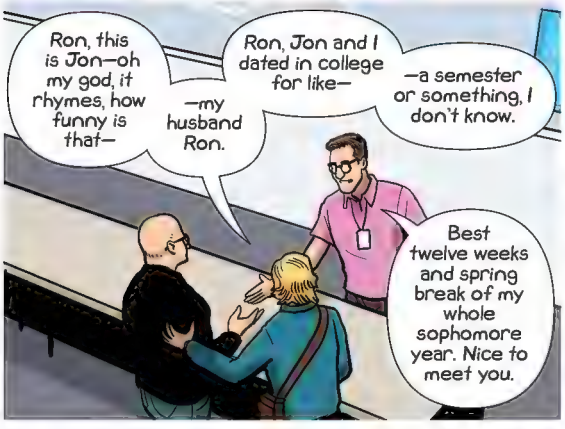
What about the other thing?
mmmph.
That's it? "Mmmph?"
mmmph.
Fuckin' great. Some mastermind you are.

I miss you. Want to grab lunch sometime?
You gotta take that?
Bigger name on the other line?
No, yeah. Yeah. No. I...
Okay. Sure.
Great.
This is just fuckin' great.
Fuck my fucking life.
Hey, don't you have a job or—
Oh shit I'm gonna be late for work—

Uh, let's see. I have a "George" next?
Hey, that's me.
That's us.
TWHIPPER
FACESITBOOK
instacram

We keep having trouble with the Bluetooth pairing and I—
Oh holy shit.
George!

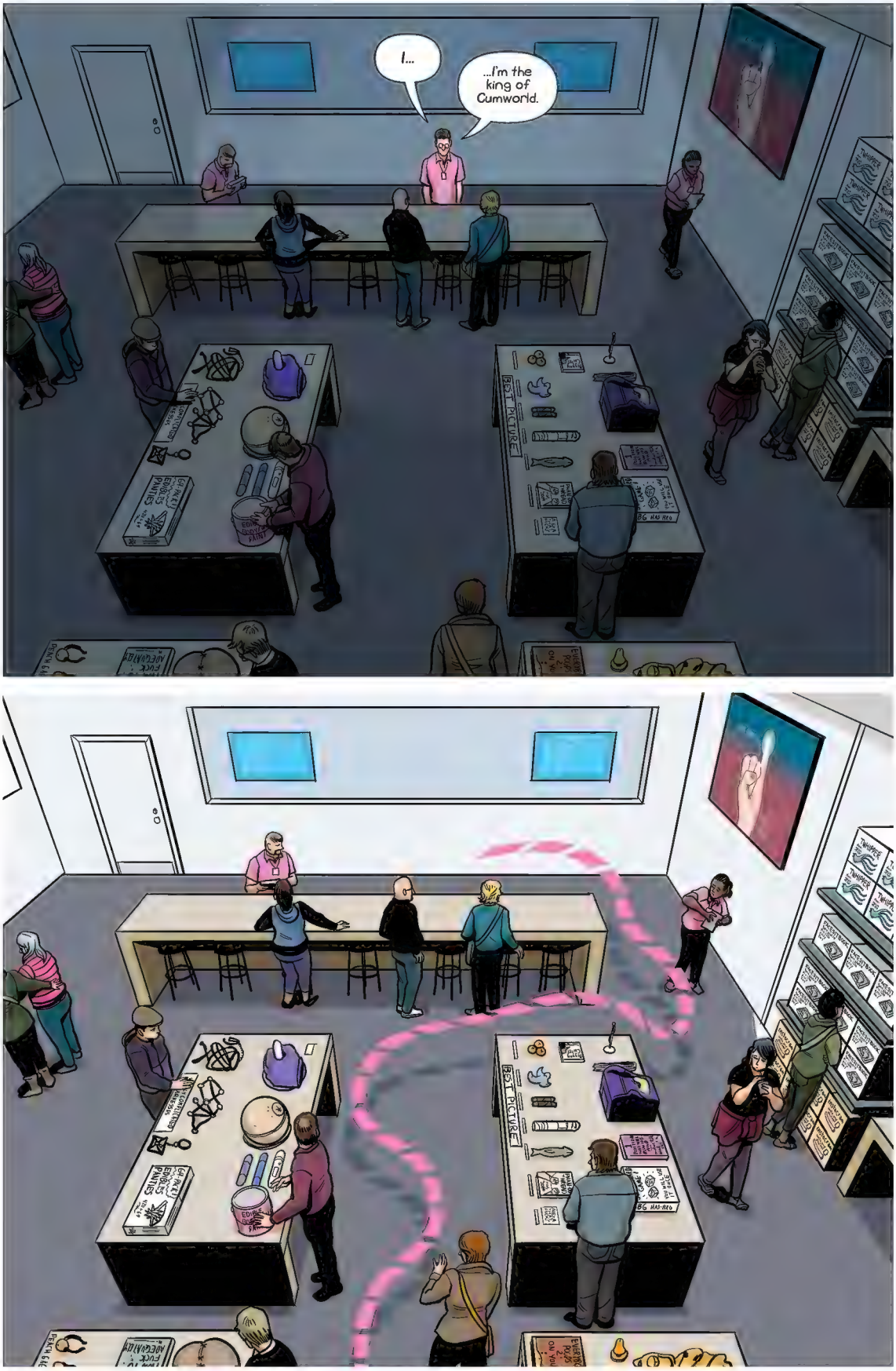
Oh my god! Jon!
It's great to see you!
You too!

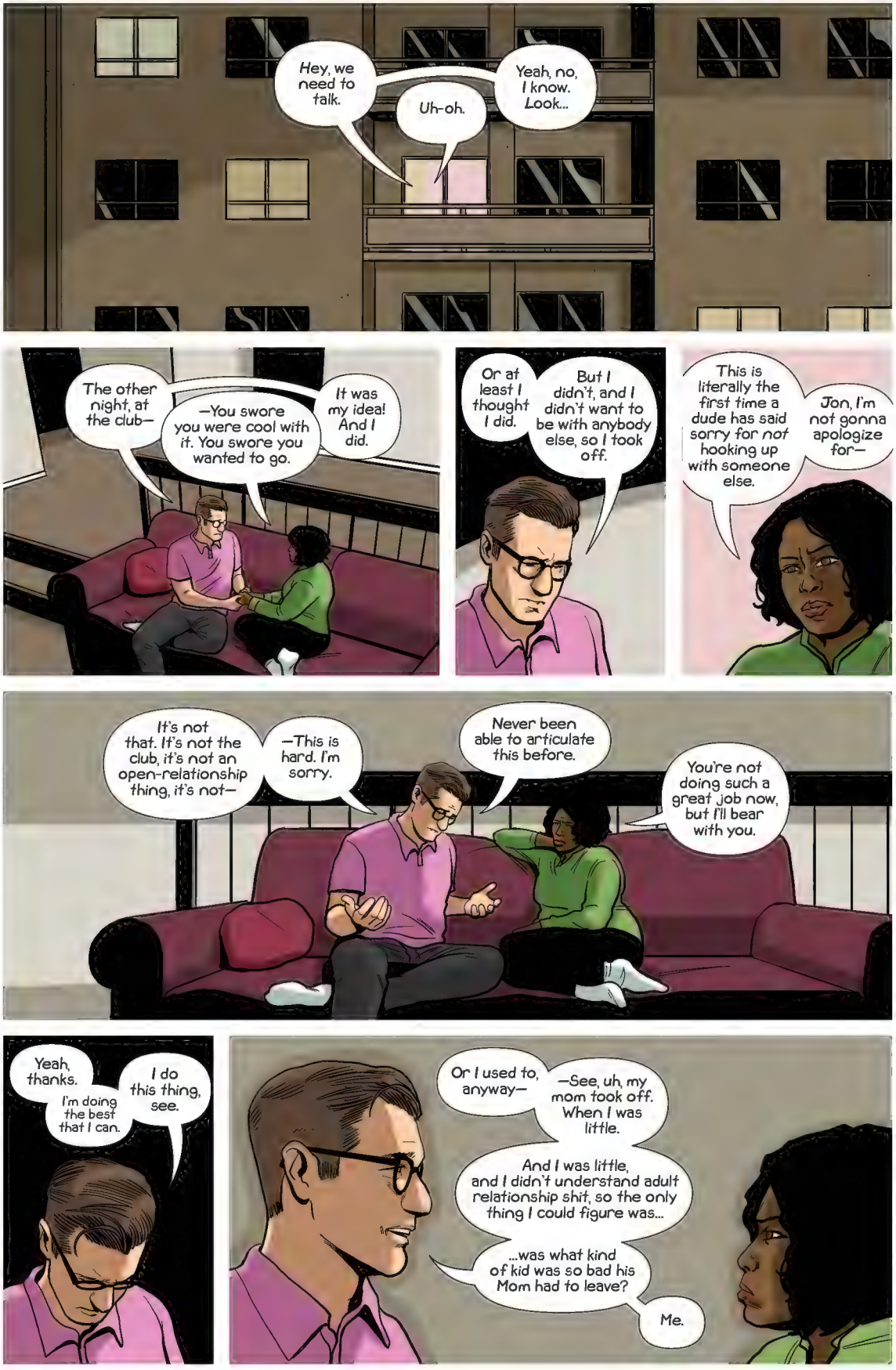

Ron, this is Jon—oh my god, it rhymes, how funny is that—
—my husband Ron.
Ron, Jon and I dated in college for like—
—a semester or something, I don't know.
Best twelve weeks and spring break of my whole sophomore year. Nice to meet you.

So, married! That's amazing. That's great! Congratulations!
Oh who cares about me, what about you?
What have you been doing?

Uh..
PETE'S BAR
TWHIPPER

Oh, you know me.
This?
Just this?
...Shit, yeah, pretty much.
I worked in a bank for a while, but I fucked it up.
Well, neat!
You're the king of Cumworld!


I...
...I'm the king of Cumworld.
BEST PICTURE
BG HAIRED
EDIBLE BODY PAINT
GRAPHIC BODY PAINTS
FUCK ABILITY
TWIZZLERS


Hey, we need to talk.
Uh-oh.
Yeah, no, I know. Look...
The other night, at the club—
—You swore you were cool with it. You swore you wanted to go.
It was my idea! And I did.
Or at least I thought I did.
But I didn't, and I didn't want to be with anybody else, so I took off.
This is literally the first time a dude has said sorry for *not* hooking up with someone else.
Jon, I'm not gonna apologize for—
It's not that. It's not the club, it's not an open-relationship thing, it's not—
—This is hard. I'm sorry.
Never been able to articulate this before.
You're not doing such a great job now, but I'll bear with you.
Yeah, thanks.
I'm doing the best that I can.
I do this thing, see.
Or I used to, anyway—
—See, uh, my mom took off. When I was little.
And I was little, and I didn't understand adult relationship shit, so the only thing I could figure was...
...was what kind of kid was so bad his Mom had to leave?
Me.

Kid like that doesn't deserve anything or anyone that makes him happy, right?
I mean it's kid logic, but I was a little kid and that was all I had.
Jeeesus.
So then if someone likes you, you've tricked them somehow, or it's just a matter of time until they find out.
Right! Right! Or if it wasn't that, it was because whatever or whoever I wanted or needed was so fucked up it was only for monsters.
So the thing—person—people—I wanted, they were all bad too.
I was, like, poisoning myself, all day, all the time.
You make up your mind about all these things when you're a kid, about what's good, or bad, or right, or wrong—
But you're a kid, so you don't know shit, and it sticks with you. What I realized was, was what I wanted wasn't wrong—
—but I didn't want it with you.
I'm not over her, and I don't hate myself for it.
But I didn't want you to start hating me for it either.
Wow, Jon, that is...
...the hardest breaking-up argument in the kindest terms and the most mature way I think I've experienced.
Come here—
...
So, hey, uh, can I crash on the—
—No, Jon, I'm gonna need you to get the fuck out.

Are you fucking kidding me?
ROLL YOU PRETTY THINGS

I haven't done this since I was a kid, and I'm not exactly in a place where health insurance is going to cover a broken ankle.

I mean, I'm all for the convivial break-up and post-relationship social interaction, but this seems fucking absurd.
I don't kid about the *Quad*.

Ever.

The ring is real, girl. Be good to her, and she'll be good to you.
Be good to her, she'll be good to you.

There you go. Easy.
And I appreciate keeping our relationship, post-"our relationship", convivial.
I honestly and earnestly have nothing but the utmost respect for your professional work.
In *either* of your fields.

Great. Now if only I could find a 22,000-RPM vibrator that wanted to fuck Jazmine for her mind and Ana for her body, I could die a happy woman.
That's the thing, though. It's not your past I can't get over—

—although if I made you feel that way, then that is certainly a valid complaint regardless of intention.
You brought me out to punish me by watching as I shatter my coccyx?
shitshit
Ha! No. And it's not just you.
I invited all of us out here tonight—
Whoa watch out—
FUUU

Let me help you.
Fuuuuuhhhhck YOU.

LETTER DADDIES

SEND YOUR THOUGHTS, SEXUAL QUESTIONS, AND WEENY TRUCK PIX TO *EMAILTHESEXCRIMINALS@GMAIL.COM.*
YOUR TYPOS/SHAME ARE YOUR OWN AND WILL BE RUN AS RECEIVED.
ALL ASSUMED OK TO PRINT UNLESS STATED OTHERWISE.

AND WE ARE BACK HELLO BRIMPERS AND WELCOME TO A LETTER COLUMN THAT IS, AS PROMISED, FULL OF EVERYTHING WITH WHICH WE SAID IT WOULD BE FILLED. NAMELY LETTERS.

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON *SEX CRIMZ* TV STUFF, WHICH IS EXCITING, AND STRANGE AT THE SAME TIME – IT'S LIKE I GET TO REWRITE THE FIRST ISSUE, FIVE YEARS LATER OR HOWEVER LONG, AND HOPEFULLY, FIVE YEARS BETTER. I HOPE IT BECOMES A THING THAT IS MADE BECAUSE THEN CHIP AND I CAN PRODUCE AN ADAPTATION OF THE SHOW BASED ON OUR OWN COMIC. AND THUS WE WILL BECOME THE KINGS OF META AND VANISH INTO OUR OWN BUTTS FOREVER.

ANYWAY, HERE ARE LETERS NOW:

•

what's it going to cost me to have a 3-way with matt and and chip. i want to do a double dip. their asses up in the air. first my dick in matt's ass, then in chip. whoever wants my load, is determined by the tighter ass.
let's make this happen.

respectfully,
bill r

WOW FOLKS SEE WHAT KIND OF KILLER CONTENT WE'VE BEEN HOLDING BACK FROM YOU THESE LAST TWO ISSUES.

Enh. I got nothin' going on. I'm in. -Chip

•

I'm a former sex worker, and the sex scene between Ana & Dave in #20 struck a CHORD with me. In a lot of ways it put something into words that I've struggled to describe - the feeling of being fetishized by civilian partners, even now that I'm not actively working. I think sometimes people feel like they're being transgressive, or sometimes like they feel the need to prove how down they are by fucking a sex worker and being TOTALLY FINE with their work. It's hard to put my finger on, but Ana is right - there's a moment that happens when civilians fuck sex workers, and it doesn't feel good.

I'm not saying people shouldn't fantasize during sex. I'm not saying people shouldn't fantasize about sex workers during sex, or live out those fantasies by partaking in sex workers' services (and tipping well!!) But when people try to live out those fantasies by having sex with me in a non-SW context, I am super not down. Because me, like who I actually am, and the flimsy cardboard fantasy cutout of who I am when I'm working - those are two fully different experiences, and one of them isn't actually a real person.

Nothing turns me off faster than when I'm getting down and dirty with someone and they say "treat me like you would your clients". Uhm, excuse me? Need I remind you that sex work is WORK? You would like me to act, in bed, like I am going to my JOB right now? No one has ever asked me to act out any job I had before or after SW in bed (and I mean really act like the job, not act like a fun sexy librarian, etc). I'm trying to fool around with you, not act like I'm having a blast so I can pay my rent.

I feel like I need to leave an obligatory note at the end here where I state that I'm speaking for myself, and not for all sex workers. Would hope that that's not necessary, but I feel way too often I have witnessed one sex worker's experience being extrapolated to the experiences of all others. I could talk on this for a minute, but I won't - suffice it to say that as a skinny cis white girl who worked indoors, I was way privileged as things go in the SW community. If folks are interested in learning more for a more varied group of perspectives, may I suggest Tits & Sass, the Red Umbrella Diaries, or following #NYCStripperStrike on twitter (with a note that these three are only very small segment of the sex-worker produced media that's out there).

Well this ended up much longer than I intended and seems like it's time to wrap things up. Thank you for this comic, thank you for Ana Kincaid, can't wait for more, etc etc.

xoxo Jackie

I LIKE WRITING ANA A LOT AND FEEL LIKE I COULD DO IT FOREVER. I WAS INTERESTED IN WRITING, TOO, TWO BRIGHT ADULTS WITH THINGS IN COMMON AND CHEMISTRY AND EVEN ATTRACTION TO ONE ANOTHER SIMPLY NOT WORKING OUT AS A COUPLE, BUT NOT MAKING IT SOME KIND OF APOCALYPTIC BREAK-UP SCENARIO. SOMETIMES THINGS DON'T WORK OUT. IT FEELS LIKE IN COMICS MOST TIMES RELATIONSHIPS ARE STAR-CROSSED DESTINY, AND I WANTED TO WRITE ONE THAT, NOPE, NOT REALLY HAPPENING, LET'S MOVE ON, NOBODY'S GOTTA BURN A HOUSE DOWN OR HOLD UP A BOOM BOX IN THE DRIVEWAY.

THE WHY OF IT, THOUGH, WAS RED MEAT FOR DAYS. I THINK WE'VE HAD A LOT OF DIFFERENT CHARACTERS

SEX TIP *Everyone accepts wigs when roleplaying, yeah? Well, a Chewbacca costume is just a really big wig, YOUR HONOR. Now fuck off and let me go! RARR!*

-- SUZE AND JON, RACH AND ROBERT, ANA AND DOC, ETC. -- STRUGGLING WITH WHAT THEY WANT AND WHAT THEY NEED BEING TWO DIFFERENT THINGS, AND HOW MORE OFTEN THAN NOT THOSE THINGS TEND TOWARD OPPOSITION WITH ONE ANOTHER. I MEAN, THAT'S JON'S WHOLE THING THIS ISSUE, ISN'T IT? AND DOC MAYBE WANTED JAZMINE INSTEAD OF ANA; WHAT HE REALIZED, THOUGH, IS HE NEEDS MYRTLE. MAYBE THEY'LL FIGURE THAT OUT, MAYBE NOT. I GUESS THAT'S PRETTY MUCH THE WHOLE BOOK THOUGH, ISN'T IT? THIS THING I WANT KEEPS FUCKING UP THIS THING I NEED. BUT ALSO LIKE MAYBE DICK JOKES?

I had to read this letter twice for a couple of reasons. One, because it's very good, and two, because I immediately think "SW" means "Star Wars" and it becomes a VERY different letter that way. -Chip

•

Hi! Big fan of Sex Criminals and trying to get in touch with Chip to run another gig by him.

Curious if Chip ever illustrate comics that are written by other people? We're currently looking for illustrators to produce some comics.

If interested, the review process would be 1) rough sketches/thumbs 2) inks with lettering and 3) final colors (with another round of last-minute lettering notes) with each series starting with character/basic concept designs.

In addition to whether you'd be interested, do you have a sense of your rate for something like this? And how long it may take you per comic?

If approved, we'd start with 3 comics. If it performs well, there would be 7 more comics ordered. So perhaps we can work out a bulk deal.

Keep me posted if you have any questions!

--
**** ******
Head of Digital and Branded Content
****

CONGRATS ON THE NEW GIG CHUM!!!!

This sounds like an INCREDIBLE opportunity to work with whatever writer you want me to work with who ISN'T Matt, as that's my number one criterion for illustrating a comic!

Before we make a deal, I should be upfront about a few things:

1. I have a VOLATILE temper. I don't work freelance in my garage by CHOICE, understand? This will only cause problems when we communicate with each other.

2. My rate. I actually charge by the line, so it all depends on how detailed you'd like the work. It's only 15¢ a line, but trust me, it adds UP.

3. I hate comics. No disrespect to the people who work in the medium, but it's just movies that don't move and rarely look like Chris Evans. Don't really see the point?

4. I don't want to do it.

Talk soon!
-Chip

•

(...) I was wondering if you guys would ever considering selling official Sex Crims sex toys? There could be a glowing dildo, a la John's glow-in-the-dark boner, and underwear that say WELCOME TO CUMWORLD. Wide wiener dildos maybe?? Each order could come with a sex tip. This is probably a terrible idea, but hey. My boyfriend also wants me to let you know he also loves your comic and makes sure he gets his hands on all of the XXX covers. Thanks for your wonderful writing/art!

Anna R.

FOR YOU, ANNA R., EVERYTHING. INCLUDING -- YOU CAN STOP ASKING, FOLKS -- THE FUCKABLE DEATH STAR CHIP KEEPS DRAWING! WIDE WIENERS! TIGHT TACOS! THE *GAME OF BONES* IRON BONE THRONE! WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT ALL! ALL FOR YOU, ANNA! THANK YOU! THANK YOU FOR BELIEVING IN US!

See the ad when you flip the page. Nothing fuckable for now, unless you really put your mind to it. -Chip

•

I WROTE JON AS JOHN I APOLOGIZE

Anna R.

GOD DAMMIT ANNA NEVER MIND

Don't even bother turning the page. -Chip

•

SEX TIP *Sexting is a great way to accidentally sext the wrong person*

I can't believe you guys had Jon and Suzie take a plane ride to Miami in volume 3 and didn't think to have them try to join the mile high club. And you call yourselves perverts? You guys are an embarrassment to the scene. Just the worst. You and your comic are so bad, I think I'm going to start buying it monthly instead of trade waiting, just so I can hate it more than I already do.

P.S. Forgive me if you've answered this one somewhere else, but I was wondering if the gags Chip puts in the background are diegetic or non-diegetic. I can understand those sorts of things existing in a porn shop, but a 'Reading is Sexy' poster in a grade school is another story.

Luke L.

WE MAY BE CHEAP, BUT WE ARE NOT EASY. I WANTED TO SEE FLAMINGOS GETTING DRILLED AND BURT REYNOLDS AND SHIT. DON'T BE EASY, LUKE. NEVER GO FOR THE FIRST JOKE.

ALSO: I HAVE AN ACTUAL, EARNEST, CONSIDERED ANSWER TO THIS QUESTION BUT FEAR THAT IF I WROTE IT ALL OUT I WOULD BE BASICALLY PROVIDING ALL THE LEGAL REASON ANYONE WOULD NEED TO HAVE ME COMMITTED. I'LL SAY THIS MUCH: I THINK THEY'RE DIEGETIC. I THINK THE HYPERSEXUALIZATION OF EVERYTHING IS PART OF WHY WE'RE ABLE TO DO THE STORY WE'RE DOING.

what's "diegetic" -Chip

•

This is the first time I've ever written one of these, but the community built around the book made me want to, whether it is to share my story or just be a part of the brimper community. I don't really have a porn in the woods story since I live in a densely populated area in Brazil, but I still remember vividly my first experience watching an actual porno movie.

Brazilian network TV in the 90s still had remnants of a very sexualized culture – Brazilian cinema produced a lot of sexploitation films throughout the 70s and early 80s – but the movies themselves were along the Emmanuelle variety, meaning that while enticing, you couldn't really see much of the actual sex. I was waaaaay too young to be allowed near the spicy part of the videostore and newstands were not an option as well, so I had to wait for my chance. Along came the day I was perusing my uncle's VHS collection and found a tape with no cover. I looked at the tag and my eyes widened. Jackpot.

I ran to my room and put it on. To say that it was disappointing would be misleading. The experience was revelatory, but not in the way I expected. There was some degree of sensory overload in that I didn't expect to see cumshots, deepthroating or even a strap-on, but the biggest thing I took from it was how it didn't look real, and that messed me up a little bit. Through my first sexual experiences with girls, I had to deprogram myself to not expect that the things I see in porn to necessarily work IRL, because that was a performance for other people, while real sex is something infinitely more intimate. It made sex something I wasn't confident about for a long time, because I felt insecure about my prowess (which was really dumb). Now I think I'm in a good place, though!

Thanks for everything, especially the Wide Wiener song!

Pedro H.

IF WE SPOKE MORE OPENLY ABOUT SEX IN THE REAL WORLD, WE'D HAVE TO CONTEND FAR LESS WITH ITS RAMIFICATIONS BEYOND THE FANTASY WORLD. ALL I KNOW FOR SURE IS THAT LEARNING WHAT KIND OF SEX IS GOOD VERSUS WHAT KIND OF SEX LOOKS GOOD ON CAMERA IS, LIKE CHIP: HARD, IMPORTANT, AND COMPLICATED.

•

I didn't have any sex education at school aside from a yearly talk in high school that only said something like "if you put a penis in a vagina you can get pregnant and get all these diseases!". If you had any question you should raise your hand and say them in front of all your classmates and teachers (yey!). So I didn't know how to properly put a condom on. I broke so many of them that eventually my father had to teach me...with a cucumber from our fridge. The cucumber was later washed and eaten in a salad. My father mentions this anytime I tell him he is old fashioned or sexist.

"Dad, that is so sexist", "But daughter! I taught you how use a condom with a cucumber like ten years ago!"

Ana (with two As and one N).

THE BEST PART OF THE STORY IS IT WENT INTO A SALAD YOUR FAMILY ATE.

Oh I totally fucked some family salad lettuce. -Chip

FOR PEOPLE WHO WANT TO SHOW THEY'RE A FAN OF *SEX CRIMINALS* WITHOUT WEARING A THING THAT SAYS *SEX CRIMINALS*

SEX CRIMINALS MERCH

Matt & Chip have teamed up with *The Tinker's Packs* to finally put some quality merch into the world! *The Tinker's Packs* are a cool company, where all proceeds go to *Worldbuilders,* a charity working to make a sustainable difference in the world.

https://thetinkerspacks.com/collections/sex-criminals

***SEX TIP** Running out of time for sex tips? Ummmmm maybe yogurt? Food? A car? Little cars? Try sex with a little toy car made out of food? They're not all winners.*

•

First off, anxious to see how you address the poly life, as you promised in LETTERS_S04E04.mov. I just tried that kind of relationship and it's just not for me, so seeing your insight into it should be interesting.

One to add to the Movies We've Fucked To pile, in high school I took a date to see the George Clooney remake of Polaris. We didn't really seem to like each other that much after dinner, but the movie was so dull that we started making out mostly just to pass the time, I think. We didn't go on another date.

But a few days later I had a date with someone else who I really wanted to make out with as much as possible, so I made plans with her to see Polaris because I knew it was just a boring, pastel drone that wouldn't interrupt that.

Am I good?

- Greg H.

P.S. LOL this mind-numbing movie is actually called Solaris. Whoops.

I DON'T THINK I HANDLED IT VERY WELL; IT'S TOO NUANCED A THING WITH TOO MANY FACETS TO REALLY BREATHE IN THE WAY IT NEEDS TO FOR ANYONE TO SAY ANYTHING ABOUT IT OF USE OR VALUE OR REALLY EVEN SCRUTINY. WE GOT A GLIMPSE AT ONE KIND OF THING THIS ONE KIND OF COUPLE WAS INTO AND... AND IT'S HARDLY REPRESENTATIVE OF ANYONE, LET ALONE AN ENTIRE LIFESTYLE. AND I'M WORRIED I DIDN'T STICK THE LANDING WITH JON -- IS IT CLEAR WHAT KIND OF DISTINCTION HE REALIZED HE'D FOUND? IS IT CLEAR HE KNOWS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WANT AND NEED, AND WON'T PUNISH HIMSELF FOR EITHER ANYMORE? THAT SEX ISN'T SOME KIND OF PUNISHMENT OR SHAME-INDUCING, SHAME-REFLECTING COMORBID FACTOR OF MENTAL ILLNESS, BUT RATHER AN EXPRESSION OF THE RIGHT THING IN THE WRONG WAY FOR HIM?

DO THEY GET LETTERS LIKE THIS AT *DEADPOOL?*

I LIKED *SOLARIS.* BOTH OF THEM.

•

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"MENTAL HEALTH" AND "CANADA" IS THE GREATEST BRUTAL OWN OF WHO WE ARE AND WHAT WE DO.

Wait, how many of these do we print? Like, 15,000? Bell owes my COUNTRY'S MENTAL HEALTH at least $750 (Canadian). -Chip

•

I feel like a new arc of Sex Criminals almost always starts publishing right around the time of some sort of weird peak moment in my life in mysteriously coincidental ways and I imagine other readership can attest to this phenomenon. I began reading with Issue one just a little before I began a relationship and Issue 21 came out literally the day that relationship ended: roughly 4 years have passed. I was a little bit tender when I saw that cover.

Needless to say, I miss this person a lot. We both grew and changed so much with each other, and the separation has in part occurred because I went off to graduate school thinking we could sustain the distance. We read this book together. We had a textbook amicable dissolve to the relationship, but frankly, I was totally blindsided yet simultaneously totally at peace. All of the people around me seem to think that I should be massively melancholic given the length of my relationship, but I feel... fine? I've never had a more significant relationship in my life than this one but I've also never had a more low-key and easy-to-digest break-up? I feel like I should be crying more but all I've done is listen to more Leonard Cohen and go see Phantom Thread twice in two days (no sex happened while watching, so don't add it to the list).

I guess I'm writing in because at this point this letters page has become an advice-column-qua-life-archive for me and I imagine a ton of other people. I want advice on how to mourn but I also feel a million questions bubbling up in me constantly. When do I start trying with other people again? What if I just want sex? What if I don't want anything? How soon is too soon to do literally any normal thing again? I feel like the people in my life who know what's happening with me are all sitting at a panel at the far end of any room I'm in with clipboards waiting for me to have a nervous breakdown, or start dating way too soon, or sleep with a stranger, or

SEX TIP *The biggest erogenous zone is Waukesha County, Wisconsin, all fuckable 581 square miles of it.*

---

generally behave in some kind of pathetic or dramatic way.

Help?

Eli B.

ELI, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LONG WE WAITED FOR YOUR RELATIONSHIP TO END SO WE COULD TANK JON AND SUZE. OH WAIT, SURE YOU DO, FOUR YEARS. SAD TROMBONES.

I'M SORRY TO MAKE LIGHT. FEELINGS ARE HARD AND HONESTY IS EMBARRASSING. I'M GLAD THAT AS FAR AS SPLITS GO YOURS WAS AMICABLE; I THINK THOSE ARE MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE RENDING-OF-GARMENTS-AND-WAILING BREAKUPS, HONESTLY, BUT WHAT DO I KNOW.

YOU MOURN UNTIL YOU DON'T, I GUESS. I DON'T THINK CLOSURE IS REAL, WE JUST LEARN HOW TO LIVE AFTER HURT HAPPENS. THERE ARE NO MAPS OR RULEBOOKS FOR COMING BACK FROM THAT, Y'KNOW? DO WHAT FEELS RIGHT WHEN IT FEELS RIGHT, BE AS HONEST AND OPEN AS YOU CAN IN WHAT YOU WANT WITH ANY PARTNER, NO MATTER HOW CASUAL; FEEL WHAT YOU GOTTA FEEL IN THE TIME IT TAKES TO FEEL IT. AND WEAR A RUBBER AND CALL YOUR PARENTS ON THE WEEKEND.

Yeah, what Matt said. Also, sometimes you feel fine coming out of the relationship because you've pre-mourned it. Relationships don't just end abruptly, for the most part. They end over time, usually well before someone says "it's over."

Also, I'm the kind of guy who immediately has casual sex the second a relationship is over, 'cause that's how I deal; through feeling wanted again on some level. Like, the month after SEX CRIMINALS ends, I'm going to draw some sort of pop-music-meets-elves-who-fuck thing for Kieron Gillen. It's just how I move on. -Chip.

•

Recently I met someone on the internet. Not even on a dating site, just on Twitter. We started talking and got to know each other, and then we started TALKING and we really hit it off.

But... I live in England and she's in America. I'm visiting her in a few weeks. Both of us want to know if this is a real thing.

The problem isn't the visit. The problem is what happens afterwards. If we don't work out, that'll suck but we'll get over it. But what if we DO work out? She has another year of studying before we can even consider relocating.

How do we survive the year? How do we make the next move?

Christopher C.

CHRISTOPHER, AS SOMEONE WHO MET HIS SIXTEEN-YEARS-MARRIED-NOW GODDAMN WIFE ON THE INTERNET WHEN HE LIVED IN THE MIDWEST AND SHE IN NEW YORK CITY, LET ME SAY THAT IF YOU WANT TO MAKE IT WORK YOU'LL MAKE IT WORK. IT'S HARD AND IT'S SHITTY AND YOU RACK UP FREQUENT FLYER MILES, AND PRAISE JEEBUS FOR UNLIMITED-TALK-AND-TEXTING PLANS.

IN MY EXPERIENCE, WHICH HAS WORKED OUT PRETTY WELL, IT WORKED BECAUSE IT WAS WORTH IT AND WE WERE ABLE TO GET OUT OF OUR OWN GODDAMN WAY TO UNDERSTAND THAT.

When my Canadian Wife goes to work downtown during the day I refer to that period as us being "on a break." -Chip

•

I'm bi, which is like, super neat and all. But I didn't realize I was bi until after I started dating my now-husband. I've never actually had any kind of relations or romantic relationship with another lady, and seeing as I'm a pretty strictly monogamous person, that's unlikely to ever happen (so long as I stay married, which is kind of the plan). I pretty loudly identify as queer but it feels weird to do so sometimes as I've only ever been relationships with dudes. Do you think it's still valid for me to identify as bi?

Carrie W.

IN MY OPINION? YOU IDENTIFY HOW YOU IDENTIFY. YOU ARE WHO YOU ARE. OBVIOUSLY THE BISEXUAL APPROVAL AND ADVISORY BOARD WOULD HAVE JURISDICTION OVER THE FINAL SAY-SO -- DON'T TAKE MY OPINION TO COURT OR ANYTHING BUT, Y'KNOW. YOU BE YOU. OR YOU BI YOU. WHATEVER. YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE.

Yeah, and there are breakdowns within the categories we place ourselves in as well. I had a friend recently come out as bisexual heteromantic, which meant she was attracted to men and women, but wanted relationships with

men. I think it's great that we can find the words to express who we are, and that we can decide on DIFFERENT words as our lives go on. Why not? -Chipsexual

•

What was the inspiration behind using a giant black box to represent Jon's inner psyche? As someone who has pictured my personal demons as "another me" hovering over like a storm-cloud. I never had thought that a giant, unfeeling, black box would exactly click in my brain for what that truly feels like.

Justin D.

IT'S FUNNY; I HADN'T REALIZED THIS UNTIL YOUR LETTER, BUT I THINK I PUT ONE OF THESE IN SCOTT SUMMERS' HEAD, TOO, WAY BACK WHEN I WROTE *X-MEN.* I DON'T KNOW. IT'S WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO ME, I GUESS. LIKE A BIG MAGNET SUCKING EVERYTHING IN, DRAGGING EVERYTHING DOWN. A LOT OF THIS STUFF IS PURE INTUITION AND I DON'T REALIZE IT UNTIL WAY LATER -- LIKE NOW, FOR INSTANCE. CLEARLY IT WAS A MOTIF I WAS TRYING TO ARTICULATE...!

And god bless your brain chum 'cause a black box is VERY easy to draw. -Chip

•

It wasn't until I went to college that I learned that women don't pee and have sex out of the same hole. I guess I didn't pay attention during sex ed and being a gay guy meant I wasn't looking at too many female taints. Why do women have three holes? Why do men have two? Why do birds just have one? Life is weird.

Best,
Peter N.

GUYS, I MISSED THIS. I MISSED *US*.

Frankly? I don't think we have ENOUGH holes. Bad design, GOD. -Chip

•

My ex and I were fond of experimenting and she had never experienced sexy times in a movie theater. So, being the geniuses that we were we picked the least likely thing for anyone to get it on to, Boss Baby. Well past it's prime in the middle of the day. And like a couple of amateurs we sat in the middle of the theater. Turns out we weren't the only ones with the same idea. 5 mins before having an empty theater to ourselves another cpl

SEX TIP *The line dividing lingerie from costumes is only as narrow as your furmagination.*

---

walks in and takes to the top of the theater directly behind us. Needless to say, those little shits beat us at the game and I had to actually sit through Boss Baby while the guy behind me got a beej. Trust me I know, we watched her disappear. So there you have it, DreamWorks scores another one on the list. I still can't believe I paid to see that thing.

Milo D.

UM ACTUALLY THAT'S "THE ACADEMY AWARD-NOMINATED *THE BOSS BABY*" SHOW SOME RESPECT

You're cowards for not moving to the seats right behind them. And you have the nerve to call yourselves bossbabysexuals.

For shame. -Chip

•

So, the other night my girl and I were doing the foreplay.

Jeremey W.

YOU ARE A FUCKING LIAR

•

So the first week of freshman year at my college is something called New Student Week, where groups of 1st years are put into groups with each other and forced to do things together. It was literally the second day of this when I fell HARD for a girl in my group. We started hanging out and before I knew it I was spending every day with her. Anyway one night we talked for hours together together and I asked her if I could kiss her (because consent is cool!) and she politely turned me down. She then went on to explain that she really was attracted to me but that she didn't feel ready for a physical relationship (honestly I'm not sure I'm super ready either). She expressed that being best friends is the same as being a couple but without the physical part, and I was wondering if you guys, as the resident sexperts, agree with that assessment.

Johnny R

NO, JOHNNY, NOT AT ALL. I THINK SEX IRREVOCABLY

SEX TIP THIS BOOK IS DRAWN BY A REAL CZILF

CHANGES THE NATURE OF A RELATIONSHIP. MAYBE NOT FOR BAD, MAYBE NOT FOR GOOD, MAYBE NOT FOREVER, BUT IT'S GONNA CHANGE STUFF. BUT, FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH, I'M SUPER INTO THE IDEA OF SLEEPING WITH PEOPLE YOU'RE SUPER INTO, SO, Y'KNOW. GOOD START.

We in the SEX BIZ call this "takin' it slow," which is totally cool and fine. -Chip

•

A little late on buying the newest issue, but I knew I had to send photos after seeing the cover. I'm that guy who looks like Oswald getting shot when he is finally able to jerk off (I have cerebral palsy, for the newbies) and my jizz is a cross between Log Cabin syrup that was bought at the Dollar Store and Richard's Wild Irish Rose. And no, these aren't the photos I'm referring to (not...that I have any. hashtag there's a fetish for everybody).

Either of you guys eaten at the Wiener Wagon when you're here in Chicago? Home of the Chubby Dog? Well, here are some photos from Tumblr.

The last is my own, a head-on shot of old Oscar Meyer himself, something for Chip. Love you guys, and Matt, work your mojo on the Cubs.

I feel bad for the hot dog truck guy because he couldn't help making all those sentient Creeple People. I hope he doesn't die. Man, it's always weird reading PAPER GIRLS after finishing your book. Keep it up because I sure can't.

Wayne S.

EVERYONE PLEASE PUT YOUR HANDS TOGETHER FOR CHICAGO-ASS WAYNE, BRIMPER EXTRAORDINAIRE, WHO, CEREBRAL PALSY AND ALL, TOOK THESE PICTURES FOR US TO MAKE US LAUGH.

I CAN'T BE THE ONLY ONE AMAZED THAT CHUBBYWEINERS.COM WASN'T ALREADY TAKEN, CAN I?

Can't believe we're giving all this free advertising to chubby dogs and Canadian mental health smh -Chip

NEXT TIME!

HOLY COW ISSUE 25? OUR SILVER ANNIVERSARY? IN THAT CASE, LET'S MAKE IT EXTRA-BIG! EVERYONE GETS ONBOARD THE BANG(IN') BUS, BUT WILL THEY BE TOO LATE? NOT SURE TBH

FOR MATURE READERS DUH

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